

HAPPENINGS

in the BIG CITIES

Greeley, in Bronze, Is Moved West a Little Way

NEW YORK.—Even the most casual observer in the crowds which hurried up and down Park Row in the rain knew there was something wrong with historic old Printing House square, the destinies of which have been presided over from time knows when by Ben Franklin's rusty statue. "Old Ben," as he is familiarly known, looked unmistakably depressed in spirits and sadder than usual. Everyone agreed upon that. And there was a reason for it.

Mr. Franklin's back was turned more in grief than in anger, perhaps, on the Tribune building, where the last rites over the statue of Horace Greeley were being held. A crowd of several hundred rainsoaked men and women peeped out from under their umbrellas and watched Uncle Horace, chair and all, carefully lifted into a truck waiting at the curb. The five-ton bronze statue which has decorated newspaper row for 40 years was being rudely taken to a new resting place by a company of safe movers.

But the Horace, "dead and turned to clay," seemed to animate the statue and resisted dumbly. First he toppled over on one side and then on the other and just to spite his movers he fell backward through a big plate-glass window, leaving a jagged hole and a diagonal crack across the window pane.

Finally the bronze was loaded upon the truck, but the two raw-boned horses were powerless to move it. An automobile re-enforced the animals and inch by inch, first slipping forward, then back, while the truck veered from side to side on the slippery pavement, the statue was slowly moved away. Just as the truck began to move into the center of the street a sudden lurch twisted the editor about in his chair until he faced the newspaper office he had founded. That was his good-by.

The truck moved through Mall street, up Broadway and back through Chambers street until the statue was deposited in the northeast corner of City Hall park near the city court building. There it will rest.

Dog Catcher of Milwaukee Is a Humane Woman

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Miss Leonore Cawker, whose wealth is placed at \$1,000-000, has received a raise in pay from the city. She is to get \$1,200 next year for being the city's dog catcher. Last year she received \$500.

"The laborer is worth part of her hire," is Miss Cawker's version of the old proverb, and she added: "It costs me about \$3,000 a year to do my work of catching and caring for the city's homeless dogs and cats. I should receive some part of this amount from the city as evidence of appreciation. People don't appreciate what they don't pay for. If they get it at a bargain they appreciate it more. So I am giving my work as a bargain, and I am happy in doing something for the poor dumb brutes which I love."

For ten years Miss Cawker has been doing this work, more or less officially. Last year was her first as the city official dog catcher. Before that she cared for homeless pups and kittens unofficially, and when she was disgusted with the methods used by the city police in killing strays she announced in an advertisement, three years ago, that she would guarantee painless deaths to animals which must be disposed of.

Now Miss Cawker's work has been recognized officially as being valuable to the city. There had been no dog catcher for years, but a year ago she received an official commission. Out of her salary of \$500 she looked after the departmental affairs herself, hired three men and ran an automobile for collecting animals which were to be disposed of. She furnished part of her stables on the upper West side, in an aristocratic neighborhood, as a kennel, and there was an asphyxiating room, where animals sentenced to the last sleep might be put away without pain.

War Munitions Dumped Into Ocean at New York

NEW YORK.—A few seconds of latitude out from Greenwich village, or about 40.20 and a jiffy or two of longitude off the Jersey shore a long ton of war munitions was with due formality cast into the sea with a splash. The occasion was the annual blackjack and slung-shot and seven-shooter excursion of the police department.

Under the law, all the dangerous weapons taken by the police have to be destroyed. When the northeast end of the basement of headquarters becomes so cluttered with brass knuckles, derringers, knives and the like that the ceiling begins to bulge, and the property clerk can't swing in his swivel chair, the management promptly fixes a date and arranges the excursion. The aquatic event began at noon, when three roomy motor cars backed up to the arsenal section of headquarters and were loaded with 978 revolvers, 306 dangerous weapons of various kinds and 100 shotguns and rifles, all in crates. Ample guarded, the machines moved to pier No. 1 and the consignment was delivered on board the patrol of the marine division of the department.

Under Captain Keyes' direction the patrol headed southeast from the lightship until it was 27 miles from 1 Broadway and three miles from the Scotland lightship, with nice rolling billows and gusts of the trade wind on all sides. Then, while the boat moved slowly, the weapons were dumped overboard.

Among the revolvers were specimens of about every modern and ancient make of English, French, Belgian and German—automatics, old derringers, duelling pistols and small one-shot guns. There was also a gun-knife, or a knife-gun. The dangerous weapons included slungshots, mudgeons, blackjacks, leather billies, stilettoes, stiletto canes, Turkish daggers and dirks. There were old Springfield rifles, sporting rifles and shotguns.

St. Louis Catches Flies in Three-Story Traps

ST. LOUIS.—"Catch the Fly," is the slogan of St. Louis. The pesky things that carry millions of germs at the end of their fine, fuzzylike toes, or whatever you call 'em, are banned by the St. Louis authorities, and a price has been placed on the heads of the flies just as a price is placed on the heads of stray dogs.

While practically every city, town and hamlet boasts of its dog pound, St. Louis has taken the initiative and has established a fly pound.

The fly traps that are located in various parts of the city are the centers of attraction to visitors in the Mound city, and many of them say that when they get back home they are going to follow the example set by St. Louis and set fly traps in their own home towns.

The trap is a huge imitation of the ordinary fly traps one often sees in butcher shops. At the bottom there is a conical opening, and under this opening one places a piece of meat or a piece of bait. The flies swarm by the thousands around the bait, and fly up through the opening in the cone into the trap, from which there is no escape. The St. Louis traps are three-story affairs with plenty of light and air for the flies that like the free apartments into which they are invited.

EXTINCT DENIZENS OF THE SEA.

The National museum at Washington contains a notable display of the bones of several species of extinct mammals which, if seen alive in the ocean, would be called huge sea serpents. They were carnivorous and their long, slender jaws were armed with formidable teeth. Although a few remaining individuals of the group may have given actual basis for the sea-serpent stories, these extinct animals were not reptiles, but mammals which, like the whale and seal and otter, had happened to evolve in an aquatic environment.

Rubber, which was introduced into Europe in 1735, was used first for pencil erasers, next in waterproofing cloth, and finally in solution as a cement, though by now its vulcanized forms, especially that which goes into motor car tires, take precedence over all others in point of quantity consumed.

Honduras' 1915 imports were valued at \$5,875,000.

EAGLETS.

Frank J. Hogan, the popular and well-known lawyer, would make a fine Municipal Judge.

George W. Paulin, the great furrier, has made a business record for honesty and integrity that wins for him hosts of friends.

Judge John R. Caverly is daily adding to his popularity in Chicago by his splendid record on the Municipal Court bench.

Nelson N. Lampert is the strongest Republican candidate named for State Treasurer.

Dr. George Sultan always made a good record in public life.

One of the very best Aldermen in the City Council, is Edward F. Cullerton. He has been longest in the public service of any member of the City Council and his usefulness to the people has been demonstrated over and over again.

President Thomas A. Smyth, of the Sanitary District, has increased the efficiency of the service one hundred per cent since he took office.

Tony Schroeder of North Halsted and Roscoe streets is not only one of the solid men of Lake View but he is a political leader who numbers his friends by the thousands.

William F. Quinn, "the father of Edgewater," has a host of friends all over Chicago.

Jeremiah B. O'Connell, the able lawyer, has thousands of admirers who want to see him on the judicial bench.

Judge Charles A. McDonald is making a splendid record on the Superior Court bench. He is a conscientious and fair-minded judge.

Judge William E. Dever is making a good record in the Superior Court.

Frank Weeger, the well known brewer and business man, is talked of for State Auditor and State Treasurer. He would fill either position well.

W. L. Bodine, the efficient chief of the bureau of compulsory education, has made a nation wide name for his department.

Joseph A. O'Donnell, former legislator and park commissioner, is one of the most popular members of the Chicago bar.

Dow B. Lewis would make a good County Commissioner.

The theatrical profession, men and women, the legal profession, leading business men and all other callings praise the Morrison photograph studios. Clara Louise Hagins, secretary of the studio, is always there to see that ladies receive every attention.

Harry E. Kellogg, the popular proprietor of the Blue Ribbon Laundry at 513 North Clark street, is building up a fine business.

C. A. Smith, the veteran pianomaker, is respected by all who know him.

Clarence S. Darrow is always the friend of the poor and the downtrodden and no one stands higher at the bar.

Popular Jack Henderson would make a good member of the State Board of Equalization.

Judge Thomas F. Scully has made a splendid record in the County Court. The people have confidence in him and their confidence has never been misplaced, either when the judge was on the Municipal bench or in his present responsible position.

Judge Edward T. Glennon, the well known railroad lawyer, is respected by bench, bar and public.

Harry W. Cooper reports a big demand for Batavia tires. They are more popular than ever.

There are no more criminals. Every cold-blooded murderer and thief is a "moron" now days according to the pestiferous reformers who are running things in Chicago. A woman is slain in her kitchen. The murderer is caught. "Don't hang him, he's a 'moron' shout the reformers," and he is not hanged. A mother and her babe are killed by a brute. "He is a moron" declare the reformers. It is bad enough for the reformers to be stealing the taxpayers' money for a hundred alleged "reforms," but when they keep on breeding murderers, they deserve the rope themselves.

Stillman B. Jamieson is one of the coming men in the Republican party. He is honest and able.

Hempstead Washburne, the popular former mayor, is active in many branches of public life.

Adam Wolf is one of the most popular men in Chicago. You can't beat him.

H. Schmidt of 937 Center street has a host of friends who would back him for public office.

John Z. Vogelsang has done much to make the restaurant the attractive feature of Chicago life that it is today.

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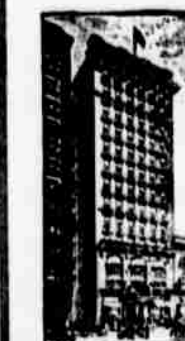
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